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ever procurable," and the ration (when issued) was "two ounces of rice, two ounces of salt fish, half a pint of port wine and one ship's biscuit." "A slice of dog, well-peppered, devilled, and fried in oil and butter on the lid of a mess-tin was a luxurious repast." What memories of "fried hardtack" does this not evoke for the veteran of the Army of the Potomac! After this war Bacon resided partly in England, partly in Portugal, striving to recover the moneys he had personally advanced to the cause he served — which of course he never recovered. It is not only republics which are ungrateful. When the Crimean War broke out he was nearing sixty, but being "without doubt the best cavalry officer I have ever seen," as Lord Anglesey had said, he expected a chance of service. He was grievously disappointed to have the command of the Seventeenth Lancers entrusted to another. He died in 1864. This volume, by his grandson, is well done, though one could wish that more of Bacon's own letters could have been quoted. It is light to hold and the print is clear. Unless the literature of the Boer and Spanish wars monopolize readers, it should have a good sale.

THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.

*Correspondence of Lady Burghersh with the Duke of Wellington.* Edited by her daughter, LADY ROSE WEIGALL. (London: John Murray and Company. 1903. Pp. vii, 220.)

WHILE possessing in high measure the attributes of the great man of action, His Grace the Duke of Wellington has been usually characterized as of a stern unsympathetic nature, as a man who lived, through success and glory, fame and riches, a solitary, cheerless life. There is a grain of truth in this view of the great soldier, though many estimates of him exaggerate it, going so far as to represent him as sitting in his old age "lonely in the bleak and comfortless surroundings that he chose, while friendship and family affection passed him by." Yet the chief who so far won the regard of his subordinate officers in the Deccan that when he left that command they presented him with a service of plate worth £ 2,000 sterling — though this is measuring sentiment by a vulgar plutocratic yardstick — could scarcely have lacked the human quality. And while the duke's despatches from the Peninsula were wont now and then to exhibit scant appreciation of the fidelity, courage, and stanch soldierly qualities of his officers and men, yet it can scarcely be denied that he won the esteem and respect of all around him, to as high a degree as any captain, if he did not command enthusiasm and love after the fashion of an Alexander or a Gustavus.

Captain Arthur Wellesley was one of the aides-de-camp of the Earl of Westmoreland, who was lord lieutenant of Ireland from 1790 to 1795. When Sir Arthur went to Portugal in 1812 he took on his own staff Lord Burghersh, the son of his ancient chief; and this gentleman later married Sir Arthur's niece, Priscilla Anne, daughter of the Earl of Mornington. This couple remained attached to the Duke of Wellington by the warmest ties; and it was to "My Dearest Priscilla" that most of the letters in

this unusual volume are addressed. And because there exists in some circles an error which is deemed by those who loved him and whom he loved to be an injustice to his memory, Lady Rose Weigall, the daughter of Lady Burghersh, has consented to the publication of these letters, to "give some idea of what he was to his own friends and family."

The letters are simple and homely to the last degree. They deal in everything, from the duke's views in 1812 on the strategical situation in the Peninsula, to a simple agreement to meet "My dear Priscilla" at the train on its arrival at Dover on September 14, 1852. This last, unlike the duke, who was scrupulous in adherence to truth and promises, remained unfulfilled; for the great soldier died, rather suddenly, on the day he was to welcome his niece at Walmer Castle. In the letters there are many references to contemporary politics which may interest those familiar with the times; but nearly all of them are about personal matters. Sentences taken here and there from the letters best explain them. "The *Staël* . . . told a person who repeated it to me that she had done everything in her power 'pour m'intéresser à elle' (what does she suppose me made of?) but she found I had no 'coeur pour l'amour'!!!!'" "I shall be sorry to lose the poor Americans!" (the Misses Caton). "You must for my sake protect them against their host of enemies when they go to England." This in 1817, when the memory of the War of 1812 was still rankling. "I am very sorry indeed to hear of the illness of General Neipperg. He would be a terrible loss to his friends, to the Empress Marie Louisa" (whose "morganatic husband" he was), "and to the Publick in general." "This transaction proves to me clearly not only that Lord Melbourne does not understand his business, but that there is nobody in the Cabinet who does!" — a thoroughly Wellingtonian phrase. "In the existing state of things [1837] they could not go on for a day in the House of Lords without me!" "We have a Queen of eighteen years of age. Supposing her to be an angel from Heaven, she cannot have the knowledge to enable her to oppose the mischief proposed to her." One phrase in a letter from Fuente-Guinaldo, May 25, 1812, is highly characteristic of the duke's painstaking Peninsular campaign. Speaking of Hill's fine raid on Almaraz having "given me the choice of lines of operation for the remainder of the campaign," he adds, "and do what we will, we shall be *safe*."

From the color of a cloak he was to give his niece to the illness of the Princess Victoria; from a slur at "gentlemen artists" (Lilley) to a timely charity to an old pensioner; from German politics to an accusation of mendacity to his political opponents, these letters are full of matter. The object sought by this publication has been fully attained: it is clear that the duke had under his irascible, prejudiced, antagonistic exterior a heart which beat warmly for distress, which loved his own with a true affection, and which was human to the core. He subscribed little to public charities, but gave largely in private; he would call each day on a sick friend; he could apologize to a servant for a scolding administered on wrong premises, and he showed great love for little children. While

showing how easy it has been to misapprehend his character, the letters are a fine tribute to the man.

This volume is beautifully published, with two fine portraits of the duke, one most apt rear-view sketch by Leslie of the duke walking, and so lovely a portrait of Lady Westmoreland that one does not wonder she was his "Dearest Priscilla."

THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.

*Mémoires de Langeron, Général d'Infanterie dans l'Armée Russe, Campagnes de 1812, 1813, 1814.* Publiéés d'après le manuscrit original pour la Société d'Histoire Contemporaine, par L.-G. F. (Paris : Alphonse Picard et Fils. 1902. Pp. cxx, 524.)

ANDRAULT, COUNT LANGERON, the author of these memoirs, was born in Paris in 1763. Under Rochambeau he served with the French force in America in 1781. On the outbreak of the Revolution, he left the French for the Russian service, attained in the latter the rank of lieutenant-general in 1799, and died, after a distinguished career of forty years in his adopted country, at St. Petersburg in 1831. His memoirs on the wars of the First Coalition (*Pingaud, L'Invasion Austro-Prussienne, 1792-1794*) were published by the Société d'Histoire Contemporaine in 1895. In the present volume the memoirs for 1812 and 1813 are the more important. In March, 1814, Langeron distinguished himself before Paris by the storming of Montmartre, but the general insignificance of this campaign as compared with the previous ones is reflected unmistakably in his narrative.

In 1812 Langeron commanded under Tchitchagoff the army disengaged by the Turkish peace, which in September advanced from Moldavia upon the French line of communications, captured Minsk with its supplies, and took the crossing of the Beresina, but failed to hold it against Oudinot. The failure of this movement from the south to bar Napoleon's retreat Langeron ascribes in general to Tchitchagoff's tardiness—an opinion in which, contrary to Bogdanowitsch, the editor concurs. The latter, however, joins with Diebitsch in excusing Tchitchagoff's sudden digression from the Beresina on November 25, whereby Napoleon, according to Langeron and the received opinion, ultimately escaped. Between Tchitchagoff and Langeron, who appears to have been the superior of the two in ability, the feeling was such as debarred criticism mutually fair. Tchitchagoff, in a letter to Alexander I., once expressed a hope to be "delivered" from his subordinate. The latter in turn, comparing his chief to the Emperor Paul, ascribes to him every extravagance and vice of mind and heart.

Of more interest is his characterization of the Prussians and of Blücher, under whom he commanded a corps 48,000 strong in the campaigns of 1813-1814. Blücher he describes as a veteran hussar in the full sense of the word, a drunkard, gambler, and profligate, addicted in fact at sixty-six to "all the vices hardly excusable in youth," redeemed however by virtues martial and otherwise that made him soon the idol of